

BLITZ IN AN OMNIBUS.

A night or two since, Blitz, the renowned ventriloquist, took a seat in an omnibus, containing seven or eight passengers. The coach had proceeded only a couple of squares, when the driver heard some one exclaim—“Hold up—hold up, I say!”

The horses were stopped, and John looked around smilingly for his passengers, but none appeared. With an immobile exclamation, he gathered up his reins and said “get up”—Pretty soon some one cried out—“Stop, driver, stop!”

The driver again stopped, and looking down into the coach, inquired what was wanting. The passengers, even each other, as much as to say, “I didn’t speak.”

Again the coach rolled on, only to be stopped at the next corner by the heart rending squeaking of a runaway pig. Instantly each head was thrust out of the window, to behold the death-struggles of the greater; but no greater was to be seen. In another minute some one exclaimed in a gruff voice—

“Keep off my toes!”

Every one looked around, but in vain, for the man with the damaged toes. The passengers were completely bewildered. At the next crossing, the coach stopped to take in a lady. Hardly had she taken her seat, before she exclaimed—

“Let me be—keep your hands off of me!”

The gentleman next to her, said innocently—

“I didn’t touch you madam?”

And the driver looking down, shouted—

“Look a-here, in there; if you are gentlemen, I’d thank you not to take improper liberties with the lady passengers—it won’t do!”

The lady made an observation, as the coach rolled on, but she was not understood. They had scarcely gone a square further, when the passengers were startled by the cries of an infant. Instantly, the eyes were fixed upon a middle-aged man, who had a carpet bag on his lap. The man blushed and stammered barely intelligible, “What the deuce is all this about?”

“Let me out!” screamed a lady.

“Murder!” shouted a boy on the steps, while three or four tugged lustily at the strap.

“What is the matter in there?” inquired the driver.

“Matter enough,” replied a gentle man, “take my face out of this quarter!”

“Keep your hands out of my pocket,” proceeded from another.

“I didn’t speak at all,” replied the man with the quarter.

“Because, sir, no one shall, with impunity accuse—”

Again the lady was heard to cry.

“Shame!” said one.

“Who would have believed it?” remarked another, while a third, (Blitz of course) shook the omnibus with a hoarse laugh. Thinking he had fun enough, the ventriloquist paid his fare and jumped out of the omnibus.

Scarcely had he reached the sidewalk, however, before the driver heard the words, “Hold up!” from four different quarters in as many sounds but not a passenger could be seen. Filled with wonder, he hurried on his way. Blitz is a great fellow.—*Philadelphia City Rec.*

A SHERIDAN TRICK.—The Hartford Times reminds us of the devices of a gentleman to the neighboring town, last fall, in fill his cellar with *first rate* potatoes at a very low price. It will be recollect that potatoes were not of the best quality and prices high. The gentleman gave notice that he had a particular desire to get a specimen of the *best sort of potatoes* raised that season, and accordingly offered three dollars for the best peck that should be emptied into his cellar—he being the judge. The potatoes came pouring in, peck after peck—those farmers that had different sorts bringing a peck of each and of the very best lot. The gentleman soon found that he had a cellar full of first rate potatoes, when he shut his doors, and paid \$3 to the farmer who had left the best peck, according to his judgment. He had potatoes to sell in the spring.

CAPITAL.—We heard a good one of a green sprig from the Emerald Isle, who the other day entered a boot and shoe store, to purchase himself a pair of “brogans.” After overhauling his stock in trade, without being able to suit his customer, the shoemaker hinted that he would make him a pair to order.

“An’ what will ye pay to make a good pair in them?” was the query.

The price was named—the man demurred but after a “bating down,” the thing was a trade. Phelim was about leaving the store, when the other called after him, asking,

“But how size shall I make them sir?”

“Och!” cried he promptly: “niver mind about the size, at all—make them a large as ye conveniently can for me.”

A GENTLE HINT.—A sportsman, who during the shooting season had gone to pass a week with a friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to wait for a special one. “I saw some beautiful scenery,” was the visitor’s

first remark, “as I come to-day by the upper road.” “You will see still finer,” was the reply, “as you go back to-morrow by the lower one.”

A lad, on returning from the funeral of a colored person, was asked where he had been, when he replied—“I have been a *blackburying*.”

In the town of Montpelier, there lives a man who is well known for his gloomy disposition, and for entertaining a settled notion that he is the most unlucky of mortals. Let whatever may happen to him be considered the event a disaster, and always grumbles “Just my curse and bad luck!” In spite of his hopelessness, the man is a Universalist in his religious belief; but being a little shaken in his faith one day, by the arguments of a neighbor, he exclaimed—“Well, I don’t much believe there is a hell, but if there is one it will be just my cursed luck to get into it—*Post*.”

A rafterman who had drunk a little too freely, fell from the raft and was drowning, when his brother plunged into his relief, seizing him by the hair; but the current was strong, and the brother was nearly exhausted, was about relinquishing his hold, when despatching the brother raised in the water, and said:

“Hang on Sam!—hang on; I’ll treat, I swear I will.”

His words were stimulatting, and the brother at length saved him. “Take off my hat,” said a gentleman next to him, as he was about going home.

“What kind of a hat did you wear?”

“A brand new hat that I paid ten dollars for this morning.”

“Well, sir,” said the waiter, “all the good hats have been gone for more than two hours.”

“Waiter, I’ll take my hat,” said a gentle man at a party one evening, as he was about going home.

“What kind of a hat did you wear?”

“A brand new hat that I paid ten dollars for this morning.”

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